

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS WRITTEN
BY A GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.1.
BELFAST, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I arrived safely at Queenstown, on Sunday, the 19th instant, after a voyage taking in all sorts of weather. For three days we encountered what the Captain was pleased to term a fresh breeze, but what was in the opinion of the passengers a first-class hurricane.

For four hours before we touched at the entrance to Queenstown harbour, we had been feasting our eyes on the sight of land — the western coast of Ireland — a coast that, under ordinary circumstances, may be tame and uninteresting, but which to wretched sea-sick travellers is majestic and grand beyond description — anything for solid ground.

A little bit of a dirty steamer met the steamship, and in the midst of confusion and general excitement, we were transferred to the ill-looking craft which in a few minutes steamed past Forts Camden and Carlyle and in through a forest of masts carried by a hundred ships anchored in the beautiful bay.

As we approached the town it presented a very imposing appearance for a place of its size. It is built on ground rising so abruptly from the water that, although it towers high above us, we can from the sea look over the tall buildings that line one street to the pavement of the one running immediately behind it. Imagine a town of, say twenty thousand inhabitants, consisting of long parallel streets built on the face of Mount Royal, and you have some idea of the general appearance of Queenstown.

As we neared the dock, a gang of uniformed officials scrambled on board carrying with them an air of authority that was quite mysterious. The smooth faced fellows were exceedingly polite to the well-dressed of our passengers. They forced their way through a crowd of poorly dressed people from the steerage and quickly approached the unmistakable kid-gloved gent from the cabin, with a bow and "any baggage, Sir?" They were Custom House officers, and in the innocence of my heart I pictured to myself the horrors attendant upon a thorough inspection of the baggage. Although I had no dutiable goods of any description, yet I must confess to an experience of nervousness, as I drew out my keys and proceeded to open trunks, &c., for a close scrutiny. These men were sworn to do their duty to their Queen, and I supposed that as Britons they would of course do it. The first strap of my valise was scarcely unbuckled, before the officer placed both hands upon it in such a way as to suggest the idea that he was not accustomed to the formality of opening packages in that way, and to save time was about to wrench the thing apart. After taking a hurried survey of the people about him, however, he replaced the strap with one hand, while the other was actively engaged jerking at my coat skirt, and he whispered in my ear words of such miraculous power that they actually opened my eyes, "The price of a drink, but don't let any one see you for God's sake." I despised the fellow at once and felt constrained to moralize, but alas, poor weak human nature! when I looked at the mass of baggage to be examined, I pocketed my feelings and slipped the necessary coin into the villain's hand, making the douceur purposely small because I considered generosity would be wasted on a subject like this. I had yet another trunk to be inspected and I was naturally curious to know whether this noble upholder of the law would revenge himself upon me. I said to him, "I have another trunk over there," pointing to the bow of the vessel. He replied, "Bring it here and I will examine it." The trunk was heavy, and could be reached only through a labyrinth of other trunks, and so I hesitated. Then I looked in the fellow's face to take stock thoroughly of his countenance after the utterance of so surprising an order in a gruff and commanding tone of voice, but whether he was afraid I might discover the smallness of his soul by looking at it through his eyes, or waiting for another sixpence, I do not know; he turned however, marched meekly to the package, and in suggestive silence scratched the necessary hieroglyphics signifying that it had been thoroughly examined. At that moment I happened to look forward and I observed another officer, probably one green at his business, in the act of "confiscating" a revolver belonging to one of the passengers.

I was now at liberty and truly glad to get ashore to breathe the atmosphere of freedom. As I stepped on the quay, a half-dressed, shoeless and hatless forty-five years old female approached with a flourish of brogue utterly beyond my dull comprehension, but which I afterwards learned was an expression of welcome. She wanted to sell shamrocks, but I walked on, deeply absorbed in reading the good old family names on the sign-boards. There were innumerable Muldoons, O'Flahertys, O'Keefes, O'Grady's, O'Connells, O'Briens and a host of others familiar to any one who is up in Irish history or acquainted with the locality between McGill street and Wellington Bridge. As I trudged along I heard at every few steps, "Good luck to you, Sir." "A pleasant journey to you, Sir." "If you don't want to allow me anything for the shamrocks, its all right, Sir." As I looked around my nose was tickled by a sprig of shamrocks which the kind and modest creature had placed in the breast pocket of my coat.

Arrested by the novelty of the proceedings and somewhat puzzled to know what it all meant, I stopped and stared rudely at my benefactor and well-wisher.

There were traces of faded comeliness in her face, and her industrious tongue dispensed the sweetest kind of brogue quicker than I could ever guess at the English of it. Had I not been duly warned against impostors, and thoroughly hardened by stories of fraud practised upon innocent travellers, my heart might have melted at an early stage of the proceedings, but here, thought I, is the first manifestation that woman has designs upon me and I must meet it with a bold front. I continued parading Queenstown with the bunch of sweet little shamrocks protruding conspicuously from my pocket while I was all the while making a great effort to look unconscious of their presence. I held out nobly, but my lady admirer continued to follow, and crowds of Paddies continued to smile knowing smiles. At last I was captured by stratagem. The flower girl darted past me into the R. R. Station and as I entered it, a crowd of boys cried out, "Give the poor old woman a trifle, or you'll have ne'er a bid of luck in Ireland." I capitulated, paid the war indemnity and was released by my fair captor with the "blessing of God" and expression of all possible anxiety for my future happiness and prosperity.

On the ship I had formed the acquaintance of three French gentlemen from Montreal, and a fraternal feeling suggested that we would do well to travel through Ireland together. We, at once, engaged a jaunty car to do the town. On one side of the car with me, was a nervous, gouty old frogger, while on the other were two jovial fellows one of whom had crossed the Atlantic only forty-six times. These two were bent on having a good time and for the nervous man's delectation they had quietly instructed the coachman to drive fast which he commenced to do at once, and maintained a furious gallop during the whole journey. Mr. Frogger was in a terrible state of anguish. Again and again he remonstrated in profane language, but in vain. Every time we turned a sharp corner at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, he poked the carman violently in the ribs with the end of his umbrella, but the carman only drove the faster.

In half an hour, however, it was all over and we were on board the train bound for the North. In my next I will tell you something about what I saw at Cork, Blarney Castle, and the beautiful lakes of Killarney.

II.

LONDON, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — In my last from Belfast, I gave you some idea of the incidents attending my first hours in Ireland. Although it was Sunday, I found no difficulty in proceeding by train to Cork, for my hardened conscience suffered no qualms on the question of Sunday travelling, and the railroad companies in these parts provide ample accommodation for the particular class of sinners that I represented in this respect. It is only fourteen miles from Queenstown to Cork, and I suppose, getting there was a matter of a few minutes; but there are innumerable stations on the way, and as this was not a mail train, it seemed to me that it occupied minutes enough to make a good many hours before we reached the old-fashioned city. Here the first scene at the railway station was one of indescribable confusion, a scene that at once confirmed my impression that the wonderful railway system of Great Britain is marred by the most defective baggage arrangements possible to conceive. "Checking" is unknown here. You must see that your traps are put on board the train at the proper time, taken off at the proper place and promptly claimed when you reach your destination. I will leave it to you to imagine the chaos that ensues where innumerable valises and trunks are as much like each other as so many bricks. I found I had carried off some other fellow's box instead of my own and was enabled to rectify the mischief and escape the police only through a piece of good fortune and a little knowledge of human nature. I saw a man hurrying along the street in a state of breathless agitation, and thinking that he looked like a fellow who had lost a trunk, I hailed him, when I found that this time I had not been deceived by appearances. Mutual regrets were exchanged and both were happy.

Having arrived at the hotel I became at once curious to see the register to look for familiar names, but I did not find any. Fully three quarters of the guests were Yankees all registered as residing in "U.S.A." This way of registering struck me as a trifle indefinite, but it is at least amusing to see such evidences of the way our American cousins from obscure villages like to put on airs.

The hotel was full, crammed in fact, and I was obliged to content myself with any room I could get. It turned out to be on the seventh or eighth floor, or rather too near the sky for comfort in case of fire, but admirable for exercise and a good view of the place. I was perfectly sober, but nevertheless too much elevated to sleep well, and awakening at 4 o'clock, I became curious to see Cork. I looked out of the window and was perfectly amazed. My attention was diverted from the buildings by large black objects flying about in all directions, over house tops, through the winding streets, circling up into the heavens to get a bird's-eye view of the place, and then alighting on chimney tops, flag-staves and other convenient eminences. What in the name of St. Patrick, thought I, does it

mean? Are they angels of darkness keeping late hours, or am I crazy? I conclude I they were engaged by the corporation, for now I could see they were scavenging, but unlike most corporation employees, they seemed to relish their work. When I recovered my senses, lost at the sight of so strange a spectacle, I exclaimed as the truth dawned upon me, "They are crows," and crows they undoubtedly were. I freely confess I never liked crows, but now I feel my dislike turning to respect and even affection. You will perhaps be disposed to say a crow is scarcely an object that should command admiration in a land full of worthless objects, but if you could see these birds as I saw them, I think you would even have a "hankering" after crows. But now I will leave my feathered friends with the promise of more in their favor when I can find time to tell you more of Cork and Blarney Castle.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal. — Several communications received with thanks.

Student, Montreal. — Correct solution of Problem No. 199 received.

H. B., Montreal. — You will find an answer to your question in our general intelligence this week.

F. A. K., Montreal. — Correct solution of Problem No. 198 received.

E. H., Montreal. — Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 196 received.

We learn from the Chess journals of the United States that Captain Mackenzie is about to make a tour in the West, and that he purposes visiting Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit, and, perhaps, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. We feel sure he will be received with open arms by all the Chessplayers whom he may encounter, especially after his brilliant achievements in the late Paris Tourney. It has been proposed by the amateurs of Montreal to invite him to spend a few days in our city, and we believe that arrangements are being made that will very likely lead to our having this distinguished player for a short time amongst us. The following remarks respecting him, from the *Scientific American*, will be found interesting:

GEORGE H. MACKENZIE.

The "Captain" as he is familiarly called, is so well known the entire (chess) world over, where he has a host of friends and admirers, and his chess achievements are so familiar to all, that it would be but a repetition to recount them, and we do not care to give a condensed and imperfect record of victories with which our readers are more familiar than ourselves; nor does it seem particularly appropriate to dwell at any great length upon one who requires no introduction, or to "write up" on a champion just in the prime of his strength, and only entering, as it were, on a career in which we expect still greater things. Mr. Mackenzie — as his name implies — is of Scotch birth, although we first hear of him in London as a player of considerable prominence. He has made New York his home now for many years, where by his charming manners and scholarly attainments he has gained a host of admirers, and has been so invariably successful in all matches and tournaments that our players seem to take a pride in yielding him the palm of superiority.

The following extract from an English paper will be read with pleasure by those who feel anxious to extend a knowledge of chess to all classes of society as a healthy and elevating amusement:

(From the *Derbyshire Advertiser, Eng.*)

A conversation was held in Christ Church school-room last Friday evening, on the occasion of the opening of the winter season. The programme for the season was brought forward, which includes a "Literary Society" — president, the Rev. G. G. Bosworth — meeting to be held in the large room of the British Workman on alternate Fridays at 7.30 p.m. It was also thought very desirable that a chess club should be started, in order to cultivate a taste amongst the members for this interesting game. The president of the club, Mr. F. Brown, or the honorary secretary, Mr. G. S. S. will be happy to receive the names of intending members, who may join any Wednesday evening at the Recreation-room of the British Workman. A pleasant evening was spent, and there is every prospect of a successful season. Mr. Councillor Buchanan promised a set of chess men and board for the use of the new club. The proceedings were brought to a close by a few appropriate remarks by the Vicar.

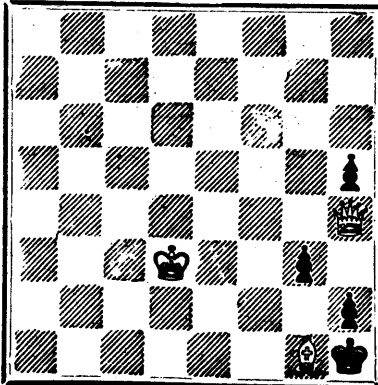
We have not said anything lately respecting the Tourney of the late Dominion Chess Association, as we felt that all interest in it must have ceased long ago. When it has been brought to a conclusion we shall be prepared to give the results. Several games have yet to be played, and a contest which ought to have terminated in a fortnight will, apparently, drag on its existence to the end of a period of three months.

Mr. James Mason, one of the American players in the late Tournament at Paris, has been seriously ill in London, Eng. He had a severe attack of small-pox, from which, however, we are happy to say he is fast recovering.

PROBLEM No. 200.

By C. W., of Sunbury.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

GAME 312TH.

(From Land and Water.)

Played at the Frankfort Tourney, between Herr L. Paulsen, winner of the first prize, and Herr Minckwitz, winner of the fourth prize.

(Four Knights Opening.)

WHITE. (Herr Minckwitz.)	BLACK. Herr L. Paulsen.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to KB 3	2. Kt to KB 3
3. Kt to B 3	3. Kt to B 3
4. B to Kt 5	4. P to Q R 3 (a)
5. B to R 4	5. B to K 2 (b)
6. P to Q 3	6. P to Q 3
7. B to Kt 3	7. P to Q 3
8. P to KR 3	8. Kt to Q R 4
9. Castles	9. Kt takes B
10. R P takes Kt	10. B to Kt 2
11. B to K 3	11. Castles
12. Q to K 2	12. P to Kt 5
13. Kt to Q R 4 (c)	13. Kt to Q 2
14. Kt to R 2	14. P to KB 4
15. P takes P	15. R takes P
16. P to KB 4	16. R to KB sq
17. Kt to Kt 4	17. P takes P
18. R takes P	18. P to Q R 4
19. R to K sq	19. Kt to B 3
20. Kt takes Kt (ch)	20. R takes Kt (d)
21. R to Kt 4	21. R to B 2
22. B to Q 4	22. R to KB 3
23. B takes B	23. Q takes B
24. R to KB sq	24. R to K 2 (e)
25. Q to B 2	25. Q to K 3
26. R to B 4	26. Q to B sq
27. R to B 7 (f)	27. Q to K sq
28. R takes R	28. Q takes R
29. R to K sq	29. Q to Kt 4
30. R to KB sq	30. B to Q 4
31. Kt to R 2	31. P to KR 3
32. Q to Kt 3	32. Q takes Q (ch)
33. K takes Q	33. R to KB sq
34. R to K sq	34. K to B 2
35. R to B sq (ch)	35. K to K 2
36. R to K sq (ch)	36. K to Q 2 (g)
37. R to Q Kt sq	37. R to B 3
38. R to K Kt sq	38. K to B 3
39. P to Q 4 (h)	39. B to K 5
40. P to B 4	40. B to B 7
41. P to Q 5 (ch)	41. K to Kt 2
42. R to Q R sq	42. B takes P
43. P to B 5	43. K to R 3
44. P to B 6	44. K to Kt 4, and wins (i)

NOTES.

(a) This is so far unwise that it brings about the new and formidable variation of the Ruy Lopez, wherein White plays Kt to Q B 3 on the fifth move, a variation to which no satisfactory reply has yet been found.

(b) This runs on the same lines as the defence, which Herr Englisch adopted against Blackburne in the fourth round of the Paris tourney (5 P to Q Kt 4 and 6 B to K 2). It gives Black a confined and uncomfortable game, but cannot well be censured in view of the uncertainty at present prevailing upon the subject. However, the results so far obtained seem to indicate 5 B to B fourth as about the best move which the second player has at his disposal, to be followed as Zuckertort and Winawer in their tie at Paris, viz., 6 Castles, P to Q Kt 4, 7 B to Kt 3, P to Q 3, 8 P to Q R 4, P to Kt 5, 9 Kt to K 2, B to Kt 5.

(c) The parties have travelled out of the Paris groove, and thereby have earned our gratitude, for we have lately had a surfeit of caviare; not, however, that we commend the text move, for how is that Knight to get out again?

(d) We prefer B takes Kt.

(e) Q takes R (ch) would be a premature simplification.

(f) P to B 3 should be played here.

(g) Herr Paulsen is only too willing to be driven to wards that imprisoned Knight.

(h) Black threatens 39 K to Kt 4, followed by 40 P to B 4, 41 B to B 3, 42 P to Q 4, etc., and White cannot prevent what is intended, save by some such losing move as that now made.

(i) This game from the twenty-fourth move to the end is a good illustration of Paulsen's thoughtful and profound style of play.

GAME 313TH.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

WHITE. (Mr. Monck, Dublin.)	BLACK. (Mr. Frech, Washington.)
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(Scotch Gambit.)

1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to KB 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P
4. B to Q B 4	4. B to Q Kt 5 (ch)
5. P to Q B 3	5. P takes P
6. Castles	6. P to Q B 7
7. Q takes P	7. P to Q 3
8. P to Q R 3	8. B to Q B 4
9. P to Q Kt 4	9. B to Q Kt 3
10. B to Q Kt 2	10. Kt to KB 3
11. Kt to Q B 3	

These moves (except the last) from Staunton's Handbook, pp. 164-5, were submitted by Mr. Monck to Mr. Frech, and accepted.

12. Kt takes Kt	11. Kt to Q 5
13. Q R to Q sq	12. B takes Kt
14. Q takes B	13. B takes Kt
15. P to K 5	14. Castles
16. P to KB 4	15. Kt to K sq
17. P to KB 5	16. B to K 3
18. Q takes B	17. B takes B
19. B to Q B sq (weak)	18. Q to K Kt 4
20. P to KB 6	19. Q to K 2
21. Q to KR 4	20. Q to K 3
22. P takes K Kt P	21. Q P takes P
	22. Kt takes P
	I think K takes P better for Black.
23. R to KB 6	23. Q to Q Kt 6
24. Q R to KB sq	24. Q to Q B 7

I think Q to Q 6, or Q to Q B 6, intending to check next move at Q 5 is better. After the move in the text White has a won game.

The above notes are by Mr. Monck.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 198.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Kt 8	1. K moves
2. R to KR 8	2. Anything
3. R mates	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 196.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 8	1. K to Kt sq
2. P to Q R 7 (ch)	2. K to R sq
3. B mates	